

Illustrated Fantasy & Sci-Fi From The World's Greatest Artists & Writers

# FRANK FRAZETTA FANTASY ILLUSTRATED

ALEX NIÑO  
JOE PRUETT  
PHILIP XAVIER  
MATT NIXON  
SERGEI POYARKOV  
MICHAEL DUBISCH  
ZOOK



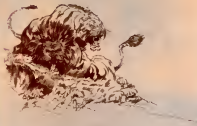
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## Editorial Letter

Dear readers,

Due to changes within our company we are suspending the publishing schedule for the remainder of this year. The issue you are currently holding in your hand will be the last edition of 1999. We'd like to thank our loyal customers and advertisers who made this project possible. Thank you to the artists and writers whose unique imaginations and sense of artistic expression graced the pages of every issue. Most importantly, we'd like to thank the man who was our inspiration, Frank Frazetta, for his passionate enthusiasm.

Issue #8 is easily our most diverse issue yet with stories by comic legend Alex Nino, newcomers Seth Fisher and Michael Dubuch and collaborations featuring writer Mott Nixon, Russian artist Sergei Poyarkov, writer Joe Pruett and French-American comics artist Philip Xavier. Also featured are a gallery section featuring Frazetta influenced fantasy artist Zook and an essay by the always insightful Dr. David Winiewicz. Our business doors will be open throughout the year 2000 for all order fulfillment and any customer questions, requests etc. Please feel free to contact us. One more heartfelt thanks to everyone involved. Hopefully we'll see you again soon.



© art by Zook

## FRANK FRAZETTA FANTASY ILLUSTRATED

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Spideeman

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commentary by  
Dr. David Winiewicz

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Seth Fisher

# FRANK FRAZETTA'S "Spiderman"

Ironically, the real greatness of Frazetta's art stems from the interesting fact that, first and foremost, he is not an ARTIST in the traditional sense. It is important to keep our eye on the correct priorities. First and foremost, Frazetta is a sportsman. Frazetta has always been more interested in LIFE than in art. He is more interested in living than in making a living. Frazetta is a hunter, a golfer, a photographer, a husband, a devoted family man and a passionate lover of sports. Swinging a baseball bat is just as important as swinging a brush. In his late 50's Frazetta led a local softball league in hitting for several years. This intense engagement in life is what energizes Frazetta's art. His art lives because he knows how to live.

As with all important things, this began in Frazetta's childhood. He roamed, ran, jumped and stalked all sorts of real and imagined creatures in his Brooklyn neighborhood. His costume was a simple sweatshirt adorned with a picture of a black panther. He identified with the big cats, with their stealth, smoothness, and quick transition to violent action. After a full day of furious activity, Frazetta would return home and immediately begin to draw. It was almost as if the world's energy had entered his soul and lit up his imagination. That special magical energy would now appear on the page before him. Frazetta told me that often he would play for a rainy day so he could just sit and draw without the enticement of the play world calling him. Frazetta is unique. There has never been a more physical artist raised without the dominance of television, video games, and other imagination-killing devices. His was a world of comic books, newspaper strips, pulps, and his own incredible fantasies.

Is it any wonder that Frazetta would go on to touch the world with his brush and mind? He is a natural, a prodigy, a creative artist of the highest level. SPIDERMAN is a clear example of Frazetta's idiosyncratic genius. I strongly dislike this name. This masterpiece originally appeared as the cover to the Banner paperback of NIGHT WALK by Robert Shaw. NIGHT WALK is a far more descriptive and evocative title. This work is an explosive in-your-face composition highlighting the power of suggestiveness and the importance of color. Man battles creature; it has a direct impact due to the rigorous simplicity of the design. Frazetta draws our eye immediately to the essentials. The expressionistic use of color highlights the drama and reinforces the life-and-death mood of the oil. Each brushstroke explodes with fire and passion. Yet, as always, there is subtlety present. The wonderfully intense facial contortion of the hero, the reflected colors on his arm, and the eerie blob of green ichor that resonates with earthly morbidity and mortality. The power of the oil is energized by the details. Frazetta gives the viewer a lot to ponder. This is where Frazetta transcends all clichés and stereotypes, and moves into the realm of High Art.

Any other artist would not be able to capture the mood or intensity of this scene. You need to live in order to create living art. This is the real secret to Frazetta's appeal. Life responds to life! Read any other artist's biography and you will see the same themes over and over again. They struggle to learn how to draw; they struggle with getting the right models; they struggle with their own inadequacies. They turn to alcohol, drugs, womanizing, etc. They search for a voice, a distinctive subject-matter, a wealthy patron. Frazetta has none of that! His theme is LIFE and all the wonderful and terrible things it contains. Because Frazetta is a force of nature, all he needs to do is look within for his subject matter. He doesn't have to rely on models or photographs that only serve to weaken genuine inspiration. Just picture that small boy in Brooklyn with the self-drawn panther on his shirt - running, jumping, fighting,...LIVING...that is the real Frazetta.

Dr. David Wniewicz







...FOR THE FULFILLMENT OF  
HIS MOST PRIMAL DESIRES

# The Chess Game

JOE PRILETT / story  
JOE PRILETT & ALLEN ROGERS / words  
PHILIP XAVIER / art



TELL ME  
WHERE I MAY FIND  
THE PRINCESS  
BRITTANY



THE PRINCESS?  
WHY DO YOU  
SEEK HER...



—WHEN YOU  
HAVE FOUND  
ME?



THE PRINCESS  
HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED  
BY A HELLSPAWN  
OF THIS REALM...



DO NOT  
SEEM TO  
ENTRAP ME  
WITH YOUR FALSE  
TEMPERAMENT  
FAIRY



—AND I  
WOULD SEE  
HER FREED

ON MY  
BUT YOU ARE  
A FOOLISH KNIGHT  
SHE IS SURELY  
DEAD BY  
NOW



COME  
TO ME—  
—SO  
THAT I MAY  
COMFORT  
YOU







WHY DO  
YOU HESITATE?  
YOUR QUEST IS  
EASIER BEFORE  
IT COULD  
SCARCELY  
BEGIN.



ALLOW ME  
TO RESCUE YOU  
FROM THE LONELINESS.  
I KNOW YOU MUST  
FEEL  
DOES MY  
FORM NOT  
PLEASE? DOES NOT  
MY FORM APPEAR  
AMPLE AND  
SMOOTH—

—AS POSTED  
AS A BUTTERFLY  
IN FLIGHT?



DO YOU  
NOT YEARN TO  
FEEL THE WARMTH  
OF ME AGAINST  
YOUR WEARY  
FLIGHT?



I COULD  
PLEASE YOU  
IN WAYS YOU  
HAVE NOT YET  
IMAGINED.



COME TO ME,  
MY KNIGHT. ALLOW  
ME TO SOOTHE AWAY  
YOUR PAIN AND  
SATISFY YOUR  
DESIRES.



I THINK  
NOT  
YOUR LUSTFUL  
CHARMS WILL NOT  
CONSOLE ME, YOUR  
CREATIVES.

I SEE  
YOUR  
PHYSICAL BEAUTY  
AND KNOW YOU  
FOR WHAT  
YOU ARE.



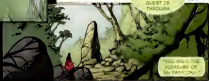
...A SPARK  
OF HELL TO  
STEAL THE SOULS  
OF MAN.



YOU KNOW  
NOT WHAT DANGERS  
YOU WILL FACE,  
YOUNG KNIGHT.



YOU WILL  
HAVE WISHED  
THAT YOU SURRENDERED  
TO MY DESIRES  
BEFORE YOUR  
QUEST IS  
THROUGH.



YOU BRING THE  
PLEASURES OF  
MY FANTASY.



...AND RUSH INTO THE COLD  
HARSH EMBRACE OF DEATH.



I AM  
HAIRY OF YOUR  
PRESENCE



SHOW YOURSELF  
SO THAT I MAY DISPATCH  
YOU TO THE SAFES  
OF HELL



VERY  
WELL,  
MORTAL...



I WANT  
HIS FLESH!

I SAW HIS  
EYES FIRST!  
THEY'RE MINE!  
THEY'RE MINE!



I HAVE  
NO TIME FOR  
THIS DIVERSION  
ANY LONGER  
IF YOU WILL  
NOT LAHMO ME  
THEN I SHALL RELIEVE  
YOU OF YOUR HAND





THE BATTLE IS  
ONE OF LEGEND



HE  
KILLS!

THE VISION  
BARRON IS  
STILL MINE!



HOPELESSLY OUTNUMBERED, BRIAN VALIANTLY  
FIGHTS WITH A FURY AND SKILL UNMATCHED BY  
ANY SAVE THOSE OF THE FAILED ROUNDTABLE.

THE CORPSES CONTINUE TO  
MOUNT AROUND HIM AS HE  
RADGES HIS GHORR ARM AWAY—

—AND AHEAD.

IS IT HOURS OR DAYS LATER  
WHEN THE KILLING HAS ENDED—

—AND THE BLOOD NO  
LONGER FLOWING?

—TIME NO LONGER  
MATTERS TO THE  
LONE VECTOR.



WHAT  
IS THIS?



A HORSE.



YOU  
SHOULDN'T SHINK  
UP ON SOMEONE  
LIKE THAT.



F-FORGIVE  
ME... ONE CAN  
NOT BE TOO CAREFUL  
WHEN IN AREAS  
UNKNOWN TO  
THEIR.  
DID YOU  
JUST SPEAK  
TO ME?



YES.  
SO WHAT  
OF IT?

YOU JUST  
SPOKE TO ME.  
IT'S ONLY POLITE  
TO ISSUE A  
REPLY.

YES. MY  
APOLOGIES.

I SEEK  
THE PRINCESS  
BUTTANY. HAS  
SHE PASSED  
THIS WAY?



HERE  
HOURS  
AGO.



CLIMB UPON  
ME AND I WILL  
TAKE YOU  
TO HER.



SO IT'S A  
RIDE YOU WISH!  
VERY WELL! A  
RIDE YOU  
SHALL HAVE!

AAAAHHH!





I HOPE  
YOU ARE  
AMUSED, HORSE,  
BECAUSE WHEN I  
RETRIEVE MY  
SWORD—



NOW, NOW,  
ADD THREATS  
MY DEVIOT FOR  
BRINGING YOU TO  
THE ONE YOU  
SEEK?



THE HORSE...  
IT CHANGES...  
BUT INTO  
WHAT?



INTO A  
PHOONIA, MY  
DEAR KNIGHT.  
AM I NOT  
HANDSOME?









YOU'RE ACTUALLY  
QUITE GOOD.  
JUST NOT GOOD  
ENOUGH.



PERHAPS IF  
GIVEN TIME, YOU  
MIGHT ONE DAY  
CHALLENGE ME.



THE PRINCESS SHALL  
GO FREE, REGARDLESS OF  
THE GAME'S OUTCOME.

YOU AGREED  
TO MY CHALLENGE  
AND FAILED.  
THE DEAL  
STANDS.



I AM  
A MAN  
OF WORD.

WHAT? YOU'RE  
GOING TO LEAVE ME  
HERE WITH...  
THAT?!



I PROPOSE  
ANOTHER AMTCH  
WINNER TAKE  
ALL.

NOT I DREAMING  
TO BE TAKEN TO  
MY FATHER -



--AT ONCE!



THERE'S A LONELY  
WATER FAIRY BACK  
DOWN THE PATH.  
A BIT  
YOU COULD  
KEEP HER COMPANY  
AND PROBABLY LEARN  
A FEW THINGS WHILE  
YOU'RE THERE.



SHALL WE?

AGREED.



CHOKAMITS

GET  
THOSE OUT  
OF FIVE!

END



WRITER: MATT NIXON  
ARTIST: SERGEI POYARKOV



--BUT WE STILL  
HAVE TO EXTRAPOLATE THE  
HIGH CONCEPT OF THE PIPE FIT--BASED  
ON THE LARGONE THEORY--BLAH--  
BLAH--AS IT RELATES TO BLAH'S  
GAMBIT--BLAH--BLAH  
--BLAH

IN A LAND  
BEYOND OUR  
IMAGINATION

WHEN THE  
OCTOBER AIR  
BEGINS TO  
PIERCE FLESH  
WITH NEEDLE  
SHARP COLD,  
AN AGE OLD  
CONTEST  
DRAWS NEAR...

TO THE KIN OF  
THE CHAMPION--  
THE VERY GUY  
IS THE PRIZE.

SHOWS THAT  
"THEORY" HOO-HAH IN  
YOUR WAX-CLOGGED EAR,  
SKOLONK! WE  
CAN'T BE BEAT!

I MADE ABSOLUTELY  
CERTAIN THAT VICTORY WILL  
FINALLY BE OURS. THE OCEAN  
WAS ALL IT TOOK. DREAMS ARE THE  
BEST PLACE TO GO WHEN YOU  
NEED A GOOD PLAN!

WOULD YOU ALL  
SHUT YOUR STUPID,  
VERBALLY DIBETIC YAP-HOLE??  
JUST SHOW ME THIS "STEAM-HEMOTHY"  
AND YOU BEST NOT BE EXAGGERATING  
YOU GIMBLED-OLD  
SCIENCE-HAG!

YIS-YIS!  
BUT WHAT  
ABOUT THE BLAH-  
BLAH-BLAH??



YOU MIGHT BE  
ON TO SOMETHING  
HERE...





HAR-UMPH! WE CAN ONLY GUESS WHAT THEY ARE DOWN TO! ALABASTER SAYS THAT THE WHOLE STINKING LOT OF THEM ARE ABUZZ ABOUT THEIR "SECRET WEAPON" ..



AND WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE THE LANKY MAN IS!



WE COULD SEAL THEM IN!



WE COULD FLOOD THE TUNNELS!



I WILL HEAR NONE OF THIS TALK OF TREACHERY! WE ARE HOHULS AND AS SUCH WE MUST LIVE WITH A SENSE OF HONOR-- OR WE ARE NO BETTER THAN THE MOSKULS THEMSELVES...





YES...ALABASTER?  
I CAN SMELL THE SPICE YOU  
WEAR IN YOUR HAIR! SHOW  
YOURSELF. TELL US  
WHAT YOU KNOW!



YOU ARE VERY  
CONCERNED...I KNOW THAT.  
AND I KNOW THAT WE HAVE DAMN  
GOOD REASON TO BE...YES  
I KNOW THAT TOO!

THE WHEELS ARE IN  
MOTION: WITHIN ONE HOUR  
THE MOSKULS WILL HAVE THEIR  
"STEAM-HEAMOUTH" ABOVE GROUND  
AND POSITIONED IN GREAT OCTOBER'S  
FIELD. WE MAY WELL SLEEP  
IN THE TUNNELS  
TONIGHT!





COUNSELOR  
CHAPMEN HAVE  
WE NO WORD OF THE  
LANKY MAN?

HE HAS NOT  
YET ARRIVED. SO YOU DO  
NOT KNOW THE WHEREABOUTS  
OF YOUR BROTHER ANY BETTER  
THAN ME? WHAT IS IT  
WITH HIM?



HIS ARROGANCE  
AND RESURGENT EUGENESS WILL  
CAUSE OUR LIVES TO HORRIBLY  
CHANGE—PERHAPS  
FOREVER.

WE HAVE LIVED  
ABOVE GROUND SINCE  
BEFORE THE BIRTH OF MY GREAT  
GRANDFATHER... AND TO THINK  
OF THAT FILTHY  
RACE...

SITTING  
IN OUR CHAIRS  
AND FARTING IN OUR  
CHAMBERS—WHILE WE ROT  
BENEATH THE GROUND  
KNEE-DEEP IN THEIR  
GANGED WASTE.

AND IF WHAT  
YOU SAY ABOUT  
THIS STEAM-HEM-MOUTH  
IS TRUE  
ALABASTER

THE LANKY  
MAN WOULDN'T  
STAND A CHANCE  
ANYHOW

AN IMPOSSIBLY FAST MECHA-FISH SLICES  
A SILENT PATH THROUGH WARM OCEAN  
WATERS. THE MECHA-FISH, A PRODUCT  
OF THE INSANE TINKERINGS OF AN  
ANCIENT NINJA, HAS SERVED MANY  
MASTERS. BUT NONE AS DASHING AS THE  
ROGUE KNOWN TO ALL WHO MATTER AS:

--THE LARRY NINJA



GUN ACTION AND  
CARTRIDGE



ALWAYS WITH  
YOU ITS THE RUSHING? WHAT IS  
WITH ALL THE RUSHING? I UNDERSTAND  
THAT YOU HAD TO GIVE IN TO THE ADVANCES  
OF THE QUEEN REBALDO—BUT HER THREE  
DAUGHTERS AS WELL? YOUR HORMONES  
AND EGO ARE SEVERELY HANDICAPPING  
YOUR TIME MANAGEMENT  
CAPABILITIES YOU  
BOOB!

NOW LISTEN  
SAUSAGE I'VE SEARCHED  
LONG FOR THIS SORT OF WEAPON  
IF I WOULD HAVE HAD THIS BAD BOY IN  
MARCHBACOS DURING THE LAST MOON I  
WOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN THAT BILLY WOUND  
AT THE HANDS OF THAT BRIGAND! WITH  
THIS I AM THE COMPLETE WARRIOR!  
I WOULD HAVE SERVED EVERY  
WOMAN IN QUEEN REBALDO'S  
KINGDOM FOR THIS  
KIND OF BEEF!

WHY  
DOESN'T  
SURPRISE ME  
TO HEAR YOU  
SAY THAT?

BECAUSE  
YOU ARE AN  
IDIOT



WHO IS THE IDIOT HERE? YOU ARE THE SCURV WHO CAN'T ARRIVE ON TIME--EVEN TO SAVE HIS ENTIRE RACE FROM A DEATH WITHOUT SUNLIGHT!



I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS FELLOW HERE, GANNA. HE IS INDEED STURDY--BUT ISN'T HE A BIT ON THE DODGE SIDE? HE IS THICK ON THE HEAD AS WELL. WHAT SORT OF ARMAMENT IS THIS?

HE IS NO LANKY MAN--NOT AT ALL!



WELL THE LANKY MAN ISN'T HERE NOW IS HE? AND THIS ONE HERE NEEDS AS MUCH ARMOR AND AS MANY WEAPONS AS HE CAN CARRY.



GULP AS MUCH OF THIS FRESH AIR AS YOU CAN DRAW MY FRIENDS. THE TIME OF RECKONING DRAWS NEAR--AS DOES MY CREATOR'S FEAR!





AND: AS IT IS CUSTOMARY  
FOR HEROES OF SUCH  
FORTITUDE....

THE LANKY MAN  
ARRIVES IN THE  
KNICK OF TIME!

THIS IS NOT  
GOING TO BE EASY!  
THAT IS ONE BURLY  
LOOKING FOE! WE  
NEED A PLAN!

WHOO-WEE!  
THANK THE  
GODS!



AND OF  
COURSE I MUST  
MIX MY AWESOME  
GENIUS TO FORMULATE  
THAT PLAN! DON'T GET  
KILLED--I WILL BE  
RIGHT BACK!



HE HE  
TALKIN' TO THAT  
BATH! HE'S A  
LOON--HE IS!





WELL I WILL GIVE THE "BOZO" WHO DESIGNED THE THING ONE CREDIT—IT IS MIGHTY QUICK AS WELL AS BULLET-PROOF!





HOO-RAYY!



BULBON IS GOING TO HAVE MY EARS PICKLED AFTER HE SNACKS ON MY LIVER AND STILL BEATING HEART...

DON'T THEY EVEN GET A SMILE FROM YOU? OR DO YOU THINK THAT THEY ARE BENEATH YOUR COUNTENANCE?



I GAVE THEM THE KEY FOR ANOTHER READ, THEY DON'T CARE ABOUT ME. JUST THAT I CAME TO THEIR AID—REGREDS, WE'RE LATE FOR THE DISCLOSURE OF THE BODENBERG PRINCIPLES—AREN'T WE?

# DECEPTION...!

BY  
RICK NUNO

SACCOLO WANE. JUST STAYED  
AT THE HILL COUNTING LEGS.  
NOW, I LOST ONE.

THE WORST THING IS  
I'M FORCED TO RUN.  
WHAT COULD BE NEXT?

THIS IS MINE...  
JUNK, STUPID.





IT'S A SHIP!

I DON'T KNOW... DOESN'T  
LOOK LIKE A SHIP TO ME.









RELAX... EVERYTHING  
WILL BE ALL RIGHT.

YEAH...  
RIGHT.

I DON'T FEEL WELL... I  
THINK I HAD AN ANGINA.  
WHAT'S ANGINA? I  
CAN'T REMEMBER.





CAN'T SEE MUCH  
FROM HERE---WHERE  
ARE HE NOW?



MAN THIS IS  
HEAVY... FEEL LIKE  
I'M BEING TURNED  
INTO STEEL JELLO







IT'S ALL OVER BARE---  
WE'RE FINALLY HOME!



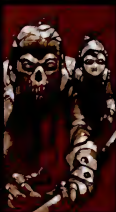
I'M A JUICED  
OUT SONER



HEY PAUL... WHERE  
ARE YOU?



THAT'S IT... FOLLOW ME  
THIS IS ALL I NEED TO KEEP  
MY ROTTING BRAIN WORKING





WAAH... LOOKS LIKE A  
SWAP--ACCE IT WORKS  
GOTT! GO SOMEWHERE.

I'M  
BORED!

END



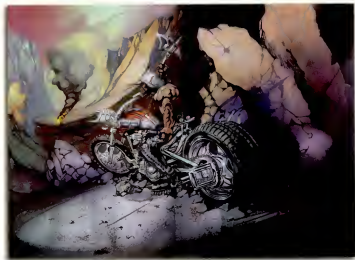
# FFFI GALLERY

featuring the artist known as

## Zook

Zook is a traditionally trained artist from day one. He cites his father, also a professional illustrator, as encouraging his growth in the visual arts from an early age. Starting out in the movie industry as a story-boarder and conceptual movie poster artist, he soon turned his focus to the realm of fantasy art. Medium of choice: Oils. Subject Matter: Could be anything as long as it's done well. Origin of name: Caribbean; nickname when he used to bartend there in his earlier years. Passion: Harley's, his beautiful wife and great art.



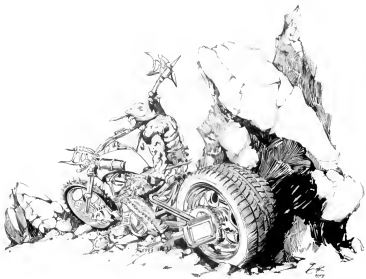




















G. F.









# THE NECROMANCER'S VICTORY

by  
DUSTBORN

I AM DRUL-KRLESON,  
NECROMANCER, AND  
I AM AT WAR.

I SPED THE BATTLE AS IT RAGED  
FAR BELOW MY TOWER PERCH,  
AND AS I FEARED, THE REPORTS  
WERE TRUE.

THE WYR-VILES, DISGUSTED  
AND FOLL AS THEY WERE,  
HAD SUCCEEDED IN FIGHTING  
THEIR WAY UP TO THE SURFACE  
WORLD, THEIR NUMBERS  
EVEN MORE STAGGERING THAN  
I COULDN'T IMAGINE  
EASILY OVERCAME THE  
LIGHT PERIMETER DEFENSES  
THAT WERE IN PLACE.

AS WORD HAD SPREAD  
AMONG THE SURFACE DWELLERS,  
UNEASY ALLIANCES WERE MADE.  
BEAUTIFUL, ENCHANTED CHILDREN  
OF THE GODS FOUGHT ALONG  
SIDE THOSE THAT WERE  
WRAPPED IN THE SLACKEST  
OF MAGIC.

WE HAD TO ALLY,  
BUT IT WASN'T  
ENOUGH.

PERHAPS IT  
NEVER WAS.

OUR COMBINED ARMIES CONFRONTED  
THE WYR-VILE Hordes AT THE NORTHERN  
MOST BORDER OF MY TERRITORY. VICTORY  
LOOKED TO BE SWIFT IN COMING FOR US,  
BUT THE BATTLE TURNED AND THE ARMY OF  
DRAGONS WAS LOST. RETREAT WAS  
CALLED AND THE BATTLE FOLLOVED  
BACK TO MY STRONGHOLD. AS MY ARMY  
OF JAWED SPILL THROUGH MY  
FORTRESS GATES, I SAW IT IS  
TOO LATE FOR MY ALLIES.

NOW THE WYR-VILES  
HAVE ONLY ONE JOB LEFT,  
AND I FEAR THEM- AND  
THEIR HATRED FOR ME.

THE MIGHTY WINGED DRAGON  
FLARED-ALIVE HIS BROTHERS  
AND FRIENDS LOST IN THE NORTH  
& NOW FOREVER SACRIFICED AND  
CONSUMED BY HIS OWN FIRES.

THE ANGELIC GIANT GABRIEL,  
NOT A HUNDRED YARDS AWAY,  
IS ALSO BRUGHT DOWN BY THE  
WYR-VILE Hordes. HER BEAUTY  
SURROUNDED BY THE BODIES  
OF HER SLAIN ENEMY.



THE UNDEAD CONTINUED THEIR SPIRITLESS FIGHT FOR ME, THEIR BODIES ANIMATED BY THE BLOOD OF THEIR VICTIMS. IT IS A DANGEROUSLY WEAK SPELL, THOUGH, AND IT WILL ONLY LAST SO LONG.

BUT MYRIVILE BLOOD, EVEN WHEN FLOWING IN RIVERS, RUSTS, THEN, AND SO THE SPELL CANNOT PULL MUCH STRENGTH FROM IT. I CAN SEE MY ARMY'S NUMBERS DWINDLING, AND WITH IT MY CHANCES.

I SUMMON MY STRONGEST NECROMANCERS, POWERFUL SOUL STEALERS IN THEIR OWN RIGHT, AND WE PREPARE OURSELVES FOR A FINAL PUSH.

THEN SOMETHING HAPPENS, SOMETHING MORE FELT THAN SEEN, AND WE ALL TURN TO WHERE THE FORCE EMANATES.

TO OUR ASTONISHMENT, THE CLOUDS BEGIN TO PART AS A STRANGE ALIEN OBJECT LOWERS FROM THE SKY.





IT WAS A THING FROM  
BEYOND OUR WORLD,  
MOVING ALMOST BECKONING  
FOR US TO MAKE CONTACT.



THE BATTLE HAD COME TO  
AN IMMEDIATE HALT AS ALL  
STARED IN DISBELIEF AT THE  
OBJECT ABOVE THEM. EVEN  
THE WYRVILS, WHO UP UNTIL  
THIS POINT HAD STOPPED AT  
NOTHING IN THEIR ANNIHILATION  
OF THE SURFACE WORLD, NOW  
STOOD IN MOTIONLESS AWE.



I KNEW WHAT I  
HAD TO DO, AND  
AT ONCE I LEAPT  
AT A SERVANT,  
MADE TO HAND  
READY TO AID  
THE SACRIFICE.



PAIN BLOT  
THROUGH  
ME AS I WAS  
ENGULFED IN A  
POWER OF  
UNBESIEGABLE  
STRENGTH.

REMOVING HIS  
ORGANS, I CAST  
THEM OUT IN AN  
ATTEMPT TO LINK  
MYSELF WITH  
THE OBJECT.

A PATH OPENED THROUGH ME  
AND I BECAME AWARE IT  
THEN OPENED ITSELF UP TO ME.





I WAS IN CONTACT WITH THE  
ALIEN RIND. ITS SCOPE  
WAS UNIMAGINABLE, AND  
IT HAD NOTHING FROM ME.

IT WAS A SHIP OF UNFORTHOMABLE AGE  
CREW LONG DEAD. THE BIO-ORGANIC  
ENTITY WANDERED THE UNIVERSE IN  
SEARCH OF INTELLIGENT LIFE. IN SEARCH  
OF A CREW. IN SEARCH OF COMPASSION.  
IT WANDERED PAST MY HOME PLANET  
AND PICKED UP ON THE GATHERING OF  
MENTAL POWER FROM MY CHANGERS.

IN ME IT MADE A CONNECTION,  
THROUGH ME IT WITNESSED THE  
UNPLAY OF THE BATTLE WITH THE  
MYST-VILES, AND FROM ME IT  
LEARNED TO HATE THEM.

IT SAW MY OFFERING AS A  
PLEDGE FOR ITS' HELP TO VANQUISH  
OUR NOW COMMON ENEMY.

IN RETURN I PROMISED IT  
COMPANIONSHIP. I PROMISED  
TO END THE LONELY JOURNEY.  
IT HAD BEEN ON.

I PROMISED IT  
A NEW BEGINNING.



I LIVED

FROM WITHIN OUR BOND I  
HAD HEARD THE POWERFUL  
BEATING HEART OF THE BEING,  
AND A THOUGHT STREAMED  
THROUGH ME.

I SUMMONED  
A SERVANT OVER.

THE BLOOD STUCK HOME SO FAST  
HIS COLLEAGUE HORRIBLY HAD FELT  
IT. I DEFTLY MADE THE DANGEROUS  
THIRD CONNECTION WITH HER AS  
HE DID. THEN RANGED IT TO  
THE ALIEN AND WITHDREW MY  
CONNECTION FROM THEM BOTH.

A GAMINE.  
A GAMINE SO SLIM  
THAT I KNEW I HAD TO  
TAKE IT THE WAY I  
SEE IT. EITHER WAY  
I WAS LOST.

IT WILL WRENCH THAT SOUL FREE AND  
TAKE YOURS JUST AS QUICKLY. IT IS AN  
ABSOLUTE THAT I HAVE COME TO KNOW.



A CONSTANT, EVEN  
FOR THE ALIEN.

AS THE BEING CRASHED INTO  
THE GROUND IT TORE OPEN,  
SPILLING ITS POWERFUL BLOOD  
ONTO THE EARTH.

YOU SEE IN MAGIC, THAT  
IS IN THE DEEPEST OF MAGIC  
YOU NEVER WANT TO BE  
CONNECTED TO A SOUL THAT IS  
TORN FROM THE BODY BY DEATH.

BECAUSE DEATH  
DOESN'T CARE.



THE THICK GREEN LIQUID  
COVERED THE BATTLEFIELD  
AND I PRAYED THAT MY  
SPELL WOULD STILL HOLD.

SUDDENLY GIBRELL STERRED,  
THEN SWORD IN HAND, HER UNDEAD  
BODY ROSE AND I COMMANDED HER  
TO DANCE AGAIN FIGHT!



SHE AND HER DRAGON  
LOVED COMPANION DO  
FIGHT NO LONGER AS  
COMMANDERS, BUT  
AS MY SERVANTS.

THE STRENGTH OF THE  
ALIEN BLOOD MIXED WITH  
THEIR LINGERING FLESH AND  
THEY BECAME LIKE STONE.

GREAT STONE GIANTS THAT  
I MOVED ACROSS THE  
BATTLEFIELD, CUTTING AND  
BURNING GREAT SWATHS  
OF WYR-VILES DOWN.

THROUGH THE NIGHT THE  
LORDS' BATTLE RAGED AS  
MULTITUDES OF WYR-VILES  
ROSE UP FROM THE  
UNDERGROUND FOR THEIR  
NOW DOOMED CAUSE.

AND WITH DAWN CAME  
VICTORY. THE WYR-VILE  
WERE DRIVEN BACK  
UNDERGROUND.

THE LIVING CELEBRATED  
THEIR ROUTING VICTORY.  
THEY LEFT TO RETURN TO  
THEIR FAMILIES.

THE GREAT STONE-LIKE  
UNDEAD TOLDS EVENTUALLY  
WERE LOST TO THE WEAKENING  
OF THE SPELL, AND I WAS  
AGAIN ALONE.



BUT IT WAS  
MY DUTY NOW.



AND STILL I AM TROUBLED.  
I HAVE WON THE BATTLE  
AGAINST THE WYR-VILE,  
BUT HOW MANY LIE IN PAIN  
BENEATH THE SURFACE?  
THEY WILL SURELY RISE  
UP ONCE MORE.



AND WHEN THEY DO,  
WHAT BLOOD WILL I  
FIND TO SPILL FOR MY  
PROTECTION THEM?

AMING TO REVEAL OR TO  
WONDER OR TO CRY OUT  
IN SELFISH VICTORY, BUT  
MINE NONETHELESS.

END

# THE SEED

BY SETH FISHER

IT WAS BI-LUNAR 3-13 OF THE  
LEPPD CALENDAR WHEN THE CITY  
PLANNER FLAGSHIP AGA ARRIVED.  
I WAS ONLY A CHILD.



AS THE TECHNOLOGICAL MONSTER HOVERED ABOVE  
US, WE SENSED SOMETHING HISTORIC MIGHT HAPPEN.

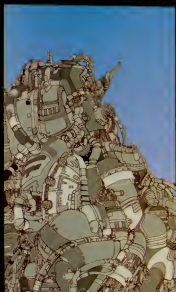


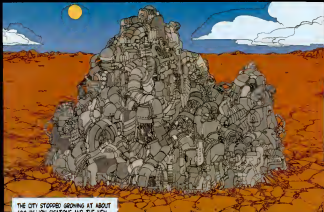
BUT NOTHING COULD HAVE PREPARED US.



WE WATCHED IN AMAZEMENT AS THE CITY GREW AND GREW  
WE WHO HAD ALWAYS MADE A LIVING OFF THE LAND.





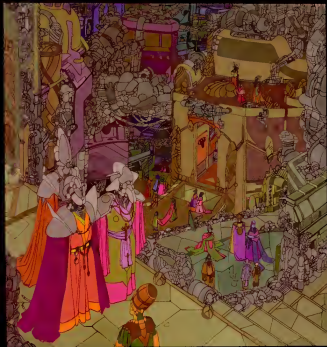
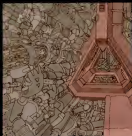


THE CITY STOPPED GROWING AT ABOUT  
100 MILLION DIGATONS AND THE NEW  
INHABITANTS ARRIVED SHORTLY AFTER



THEY WELCOMED US WITH OPEN ARMS





I WORK IN THE BS/FR-7 BIO-  
ANIMATION RESEARCH COMPLEX.



A DANGEROUS JOB THAT NEEDS TO BE DONE.

BUT RECENTLY THE UNDERGROUND REFORMATION HAS HAD BOLD  
IDEAS AND I SEEM TO PLAY A LEAD ROLE IN THEIR EQUATION.





SOME OF THE PROCESSES I WORK WITH ARE TOTALLY UNPREDICTABLE

BUT NOT ALL OF THEM.



AND NOW THE VERY TECHNOLOGY THAT  
THIS LIVING CITY IMPOSED HOLDS OUR  
GREATEST HOPES FOR SALVATION.



OUR MASTERS ARE NOT CRUEL AND FOR ALL THAT  
THEY HAVE PROVIDED, THIS MUST SEEM MOST UNGRATEFUL.



BUT IT WAS A DESTINY  
I DID NOT CHOOSE.  
AND THIS IS NOT THE  
HOME MY FATHER  
PROMISED ME.

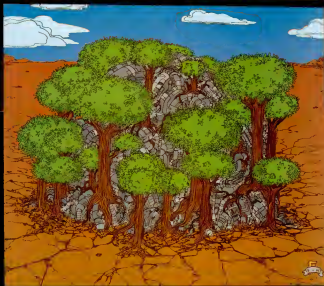


HISTORY WILL BE OUR FINAL JUDGE AND HER VERDICT WILL NOT BE DELIVERED UNTIL MY SONS GRANDCHILDREN HAVE LONG BEEN BURIED

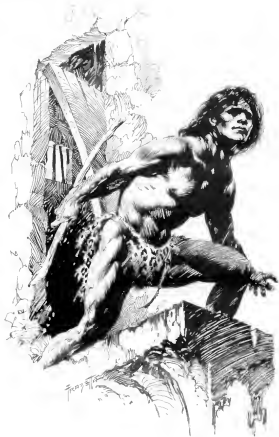


FOR THIS I AM GRATEFUL









Frank Feggetter

